

I waited for his eyes to meet mine

"Bates, I'm trying my best to think

I Smote the Table With My Clenched

Hand.

damn you. I don't know who or what

you are!-think you can scare me

school teachers and to Mr. Pickering,

who pays you, and to Morgan, whom

somebody has hired to kill me,-that

I'm going to keep faith with my dead

grandfather, and that when I've spent

man wished me to do, I'll give them

this house and every acre of ground

some kind of a constable with jurisdic

tion over this place, and I could have

spy? Answer me, quick, before I

I had worked myself into a grea

lenge, pounding the table in my rage.

enraged anew by his halting speech.

I followed it, hardly conscious that I

trail. A few moments later I picked

up an overshoe, probably lost in the

memorabilia from school girl acquaint-

new series with a string of beads and

A rabbit is always an attractive

quarry. Few things besides riches are

so elusive, and the little fellows have,

I am sure, a shrewd humor peculiar to

themselves. I rather envied the school

girl who had ventured forth for a walk

in the first snow storm of the season,

tier's lines as I followed the double

Betrays that light foot all the same;

pon this guitening, snowy fold At every step it right your name."

A pretty autograph, indeed! The

There was, so far as I knew, only

one student of adventurous blood at

St. Agatha's, and I was not in the least

surprised to see, on the little sheltered

o'-shanter. She were, too, the covert

coat I remembered from the day I saw

her first from the wall. Her back was

toward me as I drew near; her hands

were thrust into her pockets. She

was evidently anjoying the soft ming-

ling of the snow with the still, blue

waters of the lake; and a girl and a

snow storm are, If you ask my opin-

ion, a pretty combination. The fact of

a girl's facing a winter storm argues

mightily in her favor,-testifies, if you

will allow me, to a serene and daunt-

one spirit for one thing, and a sound

eiten für another.

snow fell steadily and I tramped on

"Howe'er you tread, a tiny mould

toward the boat house.

33 overshoe!

throw you out of the room!"

sir. But I'm afraid, str-"

unlead his face.

CHAPTER IX.

night I came,-Bates!" The Girl and the Rabbit. again. His hands opened and shut Wind and rain rioted in the wood, several times and alarm and fear conand occasionally both fell upon the library windows with a howl and a The tempest had wakened well of you; but I want you to under me; it seemed that every chimney in stand,"-I smote the table with my house held a screaming demon. We were now well launched upon De- clenched hand,-"that if these women, cember, and I was growing used to my percoundings. I had offered myself frequently as a target by land and water; I had sat on the wall and tempted inte; and I had roamed the house constantly expecting to surprise Bates in some act of treachery; but the days ere passing monotonously. Twice I and seen the red tam-o'-shanter far through the wood, and once I had sed my young acquaintance with another girl, a dark, laughing youngster, walking in the highway, and she and bowed to me indifferently. Even the ghost in the wall proved incon-

without being able to account for them. Memory kept plucking my sleeve with reminders of my grandfather. ' I was touched at finding constantly his marginal notes in the books he had collected with so much intelligence and loving care. It occurred to me that some memorial, a tablet attached to the outer wall, or perhaps, more properly placed in the chapel, would be fitting: and I experimented with designs for it, covering many sheets of draw- or your employer. Mr. Pickering, or ing paper in an effort to set forth in a that damned hound Morgan, or you few words some hint of his character. On this gray morning I produced this:

stant, but I had twice heard the steps

1835 The life of John Marshall Glenarm was a testimony to the virtue of generosity, forbearance and gentleness Che beautiful things be loved were not nobler than his own days his grandson (who served bim ill) writes this of him 1901

and every damned dollar the estate I had sketched these words on a piece of cardboard and was studying thing! I suppose there's a sheriff or them critically when Bates came in with wood.

"They're unmistakable snowflakes, sir." he remarked from the window. We're in for winter now."

It was undeniably snow; great lazy flakes of it were crowding down upon the wood.

Bates had not mentioned Morgan or referred even remotely to the pistol shot of my first night, and he had certainly conducted himself as a model ervant. The gardener at St. Agatha's, Scotchman named Ferguson, had vismed him several times, and I had surprised them once innocently enjoying their pipes and whisky and water in the kitchen.

They are having trouble at the school, sir." observed Bates.

"The young ladies running a little

"Sister Theresa's ill, sir. Ferguson fold me last night. And Ferguson says that Miss Devereux's devotion to her ing without easing my spirit, and

aunt is quite touching." I stood up straight and stared at

Winter had indeed come and pos-Bates' back—he was trying to stop the sessed the earth, and it had given me rattle which the wind had set up in a new landscape. The snow continued one of the windows. ground was whitening fast. "Miss Devereux!"

"That's the name, sir,-rather odd, I should call it."

"Yes, it is rather odd," I said, composed again, but not referring to the small shoes mingled with the rabbit's name. My mind was busy with a certhin paragraph in my grandfather's Should be fail at any time during I reflected. I remembered that while

mid year to comply with this provi- at Tech I had collected a diversity of sion, said property shall at once revert to my general estate, and become, ances, and here I was beginning a without reservation, and without neecssity for any process of law, the property, absolutely, of Marian Devereux, of the county and state of New

Your grandfather was very fond of her sir. She and Sister Theresa were abroad at the time he died. It was my sorrowful duty to tell them the say news in New York, sir, when they and recalled Aldrich's turn on Gau-

"The devil it was!" It irritated me trail: to remember that Bates knew exactly the nature of my grandfather's will. Sister Theresa and her niece weredoubtless calmly awaiting my failure to remain at Glenarm House during the disciplinary year.

I had given little thought to Sister over the joint signature of the girl and Theresa since coming to Glenarm. She the rabilit. Near the lake they parted had derived her knowledge of me from company, the rabbit leading off at a my grandfather, and, such being the tangent on a line parallel with the she would naturally look upon lake, while his pursuer's steps pointed me as a blackguard and a menuce to the peace of the neighborhood. I had therefore kept rigidly to my own side of the stone wall. "Bates!"

He was moving toward the door with balcony of the boat house, the red tamhis characteristic slow step.

"If your friend Morgan, or any one else, should shoot me, or if I should tumble into the lake, or otherwise end my earthly career-Bates!"

Hie eyes had slipped from mine to the window and I spoke his name

"Yes, Mr. Glenarm."

Then Sister Theresa's niece would get this property and everything else that belonged to Mr. Glenarm." "That's my understanding of

Morgan, the caretaker, has treed to till me twice since I came here. He

I ran up the steps, my cap in one hand, her overshoe in the other. She drew back a trifle, just enough to bring my conscience to its knees.

"I didn't mean to listen that day. just happened to be on the wall, and it was a thoroughly underbred trickmy twitting you about it-and I should have told you before if I'd known how to see you-

"May I trouble you for that shoe? she said with tremendous dignity.

They taught that cold disdain man, I suppose, as a required study at St. Agatha's.

"Oh, certainly! Won't you allow me ""

"Thank you, no!" She took the damp bit of rubber-s wet overshoe, even if small and hallowed by associations, isn't pretty-as Venus might have received a softshell crab from the hand of a fresh young merman. I was between her and the steps to which her eyes turned

longingly. "Of course, if you won't accept my apology I can't do anything about it; but I hope you understand that I'm sincere and humble, and anxious to be

You seem to be making a good deal of a small matter-'

"I wasn't referring to the overshoe!" said.

She did not relent.

"If you'll only go away-" She rested one hand against the corner of the boat house, while she affixed the overshoe to her foot. She wore, I noticed, brown gloves with cuffs.

"How can I go away! You children are always leaving things about for me to pick up. I'm perfectly worn out carrying some girl's beads about with me; and I spelled a good glove on your overshoe

"I'll relieve you of the beads, if you She thrust her hands into the pock

ets of her cost and shook the tam o'shanter slightly, to establish it in a more comfortable spot on her head. The beads had been in my cordurey coat since I found them. I drew them away from here, you've waked up the out and gave them to her. wrong man; and I'll tell you another Thank you; thank you very much. thing,-and you may repeat it to your

"Of course they are yours, Miss-" She thrust them into her pocket. "Of course they're mine," she said

indignantly, and turned to go. "We'll waive proof of property and that sort of thing. I'm sorry not to my year here and done what that old establish a more neighboriy feeling with St. Agatha's. The stone wall may seem formidable, but it's not of building. I must open the gate. carries with it. And now one other That wall's a trifle steep for climbing."

I was amusing myself with the idea that my identity was a dark mystery to her. I had rend English novels in the whole lot of you put into jail for which the young lord of the manor is conspiracy, but I'm going to stand out always mistaken for the game-keeper's against you alone,-do you understand son by the pretty daughter of the me, you i pocrite, you stupid, slinking curate who has come home from school to be the belies of the county. But my lady of the red tam-o'-shanter was not a creature of illusions. passion and fairly roared my chal-

"It serves a very good purpose—the wall, I mean-Mr. Glenarm.

"Yes, sir; I quite understand you, She was walking down the steps and followed, pleased to hear my name "Of course you're afraid!" I should. from her lips. I am not a man to suffer a lost school girl to cross my lands "You have every reason in the world unattended in a snow storm; and the to be afraid. You've probably heard plazza of a boat house is not, I submit, that I'm a bad lot and a worthless adpleasant loafing place on a winter venturer; but you can tell Sister The day. She marched before me, her resa or Pickering or anybody you hands in her pockets-I liked her parplease that-I'm ten times as bad as ticularly that way-with an easy swing I've ever been painted. Now clear out and a light and certain step. Her remark about the wall did r I knocked about the library all mornfurther conversation and I fell back upon the poets. after luncheon I went off for a tramp.

> "Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage." I quoted.

to fall in great, heavy flakes, and the "I have heard that-before!" she said, half turned her face and laughed A rabbit's track caught my eye and

as she hastened on Her brilliant cheeks were a delight did so. Then the clear print of two to the eye. The snow swirled about chase by one of Sister Theresa's girls,

her, whitening the crown of her red cap and clung to her shoulders. Have you ever seen snow crystals gleam, break, dissolve in fair, soft stormblown bay? Do you know how a man will pledge his soul that a particular flake will never fade, never cease to rest upon a certain flying strand over a girlish temple? And he loses-his heart and wager-in a breath' If you are furthermore unfamiliar with the fact that the color in the cheeks of a girl who walks abroad in a driving itself, then I waste time, and you will do well to rap at the door of another inn

"I'd rather missed you." I said: "and really. I should have been over to apologize if I hadn't been afraid." "Sister Theresa is rather flerce," she declared. "And we're not allowed to receive gentlemen callers-it says

so in the catalogue." "So I imagined. I trust Sister Theresa is improving."

'Yes, thank you." "And Miss Devereux-she is quite well, I hope."

She turned her head my way as though to listen more carefully, and her step slackened for a moment; then she hurrled blithely forward.

"Oh, she's always well, I believe." "You know her, of course." "Rather! She teaches music." "So Miss Devereux is the music

teacher, is she? Should you call her a popular teacher?" "The girls call her"-she seemed moved to mirth by the recollection-

Miss Prim and Prosy." "Ugh!" I exclaimed sympathetically. "Tall and hungry looking, with long talons that pound the keys with grim

delight. I know the sort." "She's a sight!"—and my guide laughed approvingly. "But we have to take her; she's part of the treat

though it were a sanatorium. "Oh, it's not so bad; there are

We approached the gate. Her indifference to the storm delighted me. gro had tried to lay his hands on Here, I thought in my admiration, is a the young girl, so the family kept real product of the Western owrld. I the matter culet. felt that we had made strides toward such a comradeship as it is proper her teens and a male neighbor of 27. obacco in Mt. Sterling. This is I was-going back to English fictionthe young squire walking home with the curate's pretty young daughter and conversing with fine condescen-

We girls all wish we could come over and help hunt the lost treasure. It must be simply splendid to live in house where there's a mystery-se cret passages and chests of doubloons and all that sort of thing! My! Squire your nights exploring secret pass ages?

This free expression of online startled me, though she seemed wholly innocent of impertinence.

"Who says there's any secret about the house?" I demanded. "Oh, Ferguson, the gardener, and all

the girls! "I fear Ferguson is drawing on his imagination

"Well, all the people in the villare think so. I've heard the candy shop woman speak of it often."

I retorted. the lord of the realm, and when we see you walking through the darkling

wood at evenfall we say, 'My ford is brooding upon the treasure chests," " of one who was half quoting and half of the county. improvising, was irrestably funny and I laughed with good will.

kicked the gate to knock off the snow, and took the key from my pocket

"But I haven't, Mr. Glenarm. Your assumption is, to say the least, un warranted-I got that from a book! "It isn't fair for you to know my name and for me not to know yours."

I said leadingly You are Mr. John Glanarm-the gardener told me-and I am just Olivia. They don't allow me to be called Miss yet. I'm very young

sir! "You've only told me half"-and I kept my hand on the closed gase 'et everybody in, but some were short afternoon was nearing its close. I did not like to lose her-the life the youth, the mirth for which ststood. Lights already gleamed in the school buildings straight before us. and the sight of them smote me with lonelineas.

"Olivia Gladys Armstrong," she through the gate and ran lightly over the snow toward St. Agatha's.

(To Be Continued.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

State Building at the Jamestown Ex- presented to hie General Assembly.

verdict was not death. Sacra was be icgal. charged with complicity in the crime, for which two men were hang-

Owingsville, Ky., March 1 .- Pearl tried to-day and found guilty and Hazelrigs secretly changed the ordrent to the penitentiary for two er und sent Botts by buggy to Par-Lexington.

Hotts, a negro, charged with attempt.

Hotts, a negro, ch Caughter of Henry Prewitt, State Botts was charged with having and saliness to G A Northesit and vigilance was not relaxed, as one Prewitt stood by him in all could not tell what would happen be-troctles. fore morning.

He was not told of the act of the said.

Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Billiousness

And ALL DISEASES arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestics Take No Substitute.

pegro until the latter was arrest DR. ELBERT C. JENKE, ed here to-day. It was feared that Mr. Prewitt would do something violent when he learned that the ne-

The American Tobacco Company should exist between a school girl in paid 15 cents a pound for Burley the highest price paid in several

Judge Jos. E. Robbins, of Mayfield, will be Special Judge of the Scott Circuit Court to preside the next trial of the case of Caleb Powers, the Goebel murder conspir-Gov. Beckham offered the apato. pointment to Judge Robbins, and He presided at the last trial of this and Real Estate. Collections made, Glenarm, I suppose you spend all Judge Robbins accepted by wire. noted case.

> The State Farmers' Institute closed its business, after a session of three days in Shelbyville, and the results are regarded as highly natisfactory to those who conducted it.

Madisonville, Ky., Feb. 23.-John Sinms, a well-known farmer, who L. D. JONES lives a few miles from here, is a believer in the Roosevelt idea about "She'd better attend to her taffy," race suicide. This week a boy was born to Mrs. Simms, which makes "Oh, you musn't be sensitive about the seventeenth child. Of the itt. All us girls think it ever so ro rehildren eleven have been boys and .. The Commoner mantic, and we call you sometimes six girls. Ten boys and five girls are living. Mr. Simms has been mar ded twice. He is well known in Madisonville and Hopkins county, This, delivered in the stilted tone and is one of the leading farmers

One unexpected feature developed "I hope you've forgiven me-" I this morning. Hubert Vreeland,the Commissioner of Agriculture, was presented a handsome gold watch, the gift of the farmers who have been attending the institute. morement started last night, it was the result of a general sire on the part of the farmers to show some real appreciation of their regard for him and the work has done in the commissioner's fice. Subscriptions were limited in amount, the intention being The snow still fell steadily and the not in time and could not participate, although they wanted to add to the amount which was fixed as appropriate. The presentation wa made during the morning session of the institute and the farmers showed by their manner their interest in the young man who has been worksaid, laughting, brushed past me ing with and for them for the last four years.

The next institute will be held in Frankfort, under the law. It the intention to hold the meeting tust prior to the legislative session. or during its opening days, so that as one of the delegates expressed 't, "they can camp on the trail of the members until they get the legislation the farmers think they ought to have." It is probable School children in Kentucky have several important measures will be A. P. BANFIELD, M. D. ro far contributed \$714,84 toward a taken up at the next meeting and

Especially will an effort be made to increase the appropriation for John Sacra was convicted of crim- State College so that a regular chair inal assault on Mary Gladder, as of agriculture and a special building Russellville, but immediately after for the course can be maintained at the verdict was rendered was spir-that college. The farmers will OFFICE, GAS BLDG. : PHONE SA. 'ted away to Eddyville to avoid any try also to get State aid for roads chance of lynching, the people of or provision for an amendment to Russellville being angry because the the Constitution so that this may

Mt Sterling, Ky., March 2.-After ordering Phil Botts, the negro charged with attempted assault on Miss Mary V. Prewitt, to the Ashland Hughes, a woman horsethief, was jall for safekeeping, County Judge years. It is thought Judge Young is last night. The train on which will modify the sentence and send he was to be taken to Ashland was have Weber wagons at a less price fail to understand these things, and her to the School of Reform in watched and the crowd seemed threatening.

a girl who walks abroad in a driving Mt. Sterling, Ky., March 2-Arm-snow storm marks the favor of heaven ed men are on guard tonight at Crooks therefore drove through in Deputy Sheriffs Richardson the county jall, prepared to resist the wight, landing their prisoner safe a mob which has been expected to a meb which has been expected to try to take from his cell Phill ever and are easier to get hold of

Insurance Commissioner. At a late shot a man named Black and with to Hundington W. Va. Baya Dept. and it was believed that danger from the rob had been lessened, although H. Wood, but was acquitted. Mr

Miss Prewitt is still very nervous ore morning.

If the mob does not storm the be brought here for an examining an army but the beauty for money. If the mob does not storm the be brought here for an examining which has a capital of 150,000 co. surjail it will be largely on account of trial some time this week, it is plus and profits of \$5,000.00, and a the position taken by Mr. Prewitt.

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